

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 15, NO. 43

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, MAY 20, 1898.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

From FACTORY TO CONSUMER.



\$1.39

Our new 112 page catalogue containing descriptions, prices, and illustrations of all our goods. Write for it. It will be sent to you free of charge. All orders are filled promptly. Address: JULIUS HINES & SON, Dept. 908, BALTIMORE, MD.

\$7.45

Write for our new catalogue. It will be sent to you free of charge. All orders are filled promptly. Address: JULIUS HINES & SON, Dept. 908, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE FIELD HAND'S SONG.
FRANK L. STANTON.

De parson wear a Number Twelve,
(Shout, mo'ners, shout!)
En when de devil git him
He'll stomp the fire out!

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be;
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out for me!

De parson wear a Number Twelve,
(Sinner, what yo' doom?)
De devil say: "You go away—
You take up too much room!"

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be;
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out for me!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Treasure Trove.

XV.

THIS narrative should have eliminated all irrelevant matter. We should only have recorded that pertinent to the trailing of a man who had passed along a way some thirty years before. But the writer may be like the traveller. It is not those who follow the beaten track with the eyes bent to the ground and who describe only what can be touched or felt in its prosy reality that may please. It is he whose eyes rove over the enchanted landscape and who tells of the beauties of that borderland that lies alongside of the plain road of facts and figures. Such are content to believe in the mirage of the distance, and are not restless and uneasy because they can not cage the sunbeam or crystallize the rainbow.

This chapter must be history, and the glamour that surrounds the dead past would creep in under proper treatment. But we must ask you to prepare yourself in this instance for a dry statement.

On Rockway's plantation lived a negro man named Tim. In the eyes of the law he belonged to Rockway, and no doubt he could have been put up at the front door of the court-house and sold by an auctioneer, if Rockway had been so disposed; or an execution taken out by some importunate creditor might have levied on him and sold him for his owner's debts. But it is safe to say that both Tim and his employer never thought what was in the eyes of the law, and if they did they knew there were so many notes, and beams, and cataracts, and obstructions to the vision generally in the same place, that they were not disposed to come near enough to examine. If Tim ever mused on the possibility of being sold, it was with the same used and dulled sensibility that every man thinks on his own death.

Tim was a natural born gentleman. He took as much pride in his young master's affairs as did Rockway himself. Why should he be paid wages like the common white laborers when he had a proprietary interest in every thing on the place? This beautiful relationship, like that of a parent and a contented child, existed almost perfectly in many instances between white master and black slave. Such cases are so satisfactory to contemplate that with many people the whole horrid system of slavery became ennobled and justified.

Tim was a miller. On the banks of the clear mountain stream that rushed down the steep valley to wind its way through Rockway's meadows, was a little mill. The mill ground the wheat and corn of the plantation and the grists sent in on the backs of horses from smaller farms in the neighborhood. Tim ran the mill to suit himself. His master never interfered with him in the least. There was no settlement of accounts. If the mill had belonged to Tim he could not have exerted a more absolute control of the property. And he was a happy darkey. When the mill was grinding Tim would trot up and down stairs covered with dust, shifting grain bags, testing the flour running from the spout, tolling grain, and generally singing to the loud accompaniment of the

wheels and burrs. But many a time the noise drowned the sounds of an approaching customer, who coming up behind the old man would hear him rehearsing his prayer to be delivered at the next prayer-meeting. Above all the grinding and clatter of the mill old Tim would be shouting at the top of his voice the prayer which was to be delivered in public.

When Harvey came to live at Rockway's in the way we have described, he soon found Tim out and they became good friends, and it was through Tim that Harvey had left the county very suddenly; and that is how Tim comes to be in this tale.

The crowning sorrow of Tim's life was being separated from his wife and child. He had married late in life and had found his wife on a near by plantation. After a year or two of happiness, the owner of his wife unfortunately moved to an adjoining county about forty miles away. For several years before the war he was deprived of their company except on the infrequent visits which he made to them, and he was so busy that his visits were necessarily of short duration and far between.

His last visit to his wife was in 1863. As he was returning he was arrested by a few men who were lingering around home. He had fallen into bad hands. They were intensely Southern in their hatred of the North, and the privileges which had been accorded Tim by his master were disapproved of by them. The exciting times caused a corresponding current in their natures, and they wanted to do something in the bloody line without going to the front.

There were no courts. In sixty-one the judge had adjourned his court until the "next term." And in 1865 there appears on the record a next term. But the gap in the record is suggestive of the horrible period when the country was baptized in blood, when death grew so familiar that it was scarcely feared.

The men who caught Tim accused him of making regular trips on the other side of the mountain to carry news to the enemy. In vain he protested. It was only a few miles from the county-seat. There they hurried him.

Using the court-house to give a quasi-legality to the proceedings, they charged him with being a spy. They took the evidence very informally. Of evidence to show that he carried news to the enemy there was absolutely none. They tried another tack, charging a conspiracy on the part of the negroes of the county to rise in insurrection and murder the whites, but even this damning accusation lost all of its plausibility when it was suggested by a spoilsport present that there were not over six negro men in the county.

But they got something tangible at last. Enough to hang any man. It was given by a vagabond, a weak-faced renegade who had never shown any adeptness except in keeping out of the army, and he even owed his immunity from service more to the fact that he was so utterly undesirable that no man or set of men would want to serve with him. This man gave in his evidence. He had gone to mill with a grist and had talked to the prisoner about the war. He had said:

"Tim, don't you wish the Yankees would whip so that you would be free?"

Tim had said:

"Dave, if the two sides were fighting right out in that hillside meadow there, and that fight decided the war, I would n't give the turn of my hand which whopped."

Away with him! Evidence as conclusive as that needed no corroboration. The man must die and that at once, and the best man in the whole mock court was led out to be hung.

They halted long enough to tear from the fence opposite the court-house some broad, weather-beaten boards. These were sawed and an oblong box large enough to hold a man's body made. They made the hapless negro lie down in the box and put the lid on to see if it was

large enough.

The hanging bee then proceeded. The box was carried first. Then followed the prisoner. In all the tales told of this shameful affair, it has never been stated that the negro weakened or asked for mercy. Was he not raised by the Rockway's, and had he not known the men in whose hands he had fallen. He may have been paralyzed by fear, but it is more likely that he would not ask his life from those of a class whom he despised.

At the distance of a half mile from the court-house they came to where the advance party had dug a shallow grave. A tree stood near, and then the very trying question came who was to put the rope around his neck. The men were new at the hanging business, and each had supposed that someone else would fix the noose around the neck of the negro, so that he could be swung from the limb of a tree. This caused a break in the proceedings until the man, who had testified to the conversation he had had with the negro, stepped up and affixed the rope. Then the rope was thrown over a limb and a dozen hands drew the unfortunate negro up. The men were new at the work and after he had hung there what seemed an interminable length of time, a man rode up and shouted to them that he had met Sam Barnwell riding to tell John Rockway that they were hanging old Tim. The group were pale and frightened by the terrible death they had deliberately brought about. The leader suggested that he take him down, and with frantic haste they place the body in the box, and cover it in the shallow grave. One man looks pale and sick and endeavors to walk away, but he is sternly ordered back by his partners in crime.

The grave was nearly filled when Rockway and Harvey dash up, their horses showing signs of being desperately ridden. They had met a boy a short distance away and he told them what had occurred. The little fellow had followed out of curiosity to see the affair, and he told them where to find the party, and added, in an awe-struck tone, that he had seen old Tim turn over in his coffin just before they nailed it up.

Rockway threw himself from his horse, and, crippled man as he was, he seized a spade and commenced to open the grave. Harvey sat on his horse and toyed with a big revolver. He talked slowly and in an ordinary tone of voice said, "Men, you have done a hellish thing. If there is a man here who says that there was any cause to hang that poor old nigger, let him say it to me." The gang cowed before him and not a man opened his lips. He then said, "Go, every one of you cowardly dogs, and if there is ever a time when there is law in this land I will see that every one of you answers for this, and until then, may God's curse rest upon you for this days work." And glad enough to go, the miserable men slunk away and left the two men to uncover the body of the faithful black man, and, though they found that the body lay face down in the coffin, life was extinct, and they had the horror of seeing that the bunglers had buried him alive.

In a few days Harvey was riding along the road, in a secluded place, when he noticed a man lying behind a log with his gun styled upon him. He turned his horse and escaped. A short time afterwards, he was fired upon from the bushes as he was working in a field for Rockway. He saw that he was marked for death, and he saddled up his mule and left that section of country.

The preceding was the occasion which caused Harvey to leave the vicinity in which he had been separated from his young companion. Weston determined to investigate the report that a man by the name of Harvey had died at Woodbine, about a hundred miles beyond Prattville, and he bought a good horse and took his departure from the Widow Casey's, in a few days. The ride to Woodbine was uneventful, and further news of Harvey which he received must go over to another chapter.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin, Late of Marlinton.

THE third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton, West Va. His early life was spent in part on Jackson's River, Bath County.

His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Sr., and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw, the founder of Huntersville.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, Esq., late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jackson's River, built a cabin and went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept separate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and Wedge made up his original business capital, and how his house-keeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek and opened up lands now owned by his son, Geo. H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters. William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died very suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rohan, lived awhile on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rohan was one of the builders of the Marlinton Bridge, 1854-5; a faithful Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refuged from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, and made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horseback.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum, from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible, near Green Bank. In this family were two sons and two daughters.

Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas. Alice was a teacher of public schools, married Dennis W. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, and they live near Frost.

Mitchell D. McLaughlin married Emma Kerr Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children.

Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John O. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the Clerk's office, and was an expert business man greatly respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhama Wiley, of Highland; first settled near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier and is a widely-known citizen.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizabeth Gum, (nee Lightner), near Meadow Dale, Va. There were two sons by this marriage. Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travel-

lers Repose.

A. M. McLaughlin married Mary M. G. Price, daughter of James A. and Margaret D. Price, of Marlinton's Bottom, and settled on the Marlinton homestead, lately sold to the Marlinton Development Co.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville, where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlinton, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent and influential citizen a member of the county court, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see any thing worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused license to saloonkeepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue, and making it that much harder for the tax-payers. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated:

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii 16.

His conscience was touched and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing any thing to license the giving of drink to neighbors; and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed by what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other saloonist remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline, the "old suckers" were all going to the "bone-yard" so fast, and he saw if "new suckers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever brought on, and if he would come around he would give him a treat and would find out for himself what was nice. The saloonist observed that after three or four free drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found out that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling or salooning.

Squire McLaughlin's services as a member of the court for eighteen years were of much use, and along with John Gay, Paul McNeel, and Isaac Moore, being themselves large tax-payers, public affairs were managed on a judicious scale, and money, as a general thing, was laid out where the prospect seemed for the greatest good for the greatest number.

While these persons, and others like minded, were on the bench, the attorneys from a distance were in the habit of saying that the Pocahontas Court was so hide-bound and disagreeable that it was no use to try to do any thing with it or to make any thing out of it at the expense of the people. Moreover, they complained the court kept the county too dry by refusing saloon privileges. Reasons for such objections to the Pocahontas County Court we most devoutly hope may never cease to exist.

W. T. P.

—Water is generally reckoned to be soft when it contains less than 1-5000th part of its weight of mineral ingredients, and "hard" when it contains more than 1-4000th.

When grip or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Avoid anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

A STRANGE WILD SONG.

LEWIS CARROLL.

He thought he saw an Elephant
That practiced on a fife:
He looked again and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Neice.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it can not speak."

He thought he saw a bankers clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said,
"The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw and Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
"Extinguishes all hope!"

—From Sylvie and Bruno.

Embarrassed, But Not Silenced.

At a recent Washington reception there was a short but sharp interchange of courtesies between the wealthy wife of an ex-Congressman and the wife of a far from rich bureau chief. It was a crowded afternoon affair, and the ex-Congressman's wife was assisting the hostess in receiving guests. When the wife of the bureau official was presented the hostess said to the woman of the receiving party, "You know Mrs Blank, don't you?" "Certainly," said the ex-Congressman's wife. "I would know her anywhere by that pink dress."

The checks of the bureau officer's wife were sufficed with a rosy glow but she turned on her tormentor and said, "Probably if my husband had been mixed up in as many questionable transactions as yours, madam, it would not be necessary for me to wear my pink reception dress so often as to cause comment."

Every word rang out clear and sharp upon the ears of the astonished guests. Inasmuch as there had been frequent criticism of the ex-Congressman for his connection with questionable lobby transactions, the force of the bureau official's wife's retort can readily be imagined.—Ex.

How He Lost His Job.

An exchange tells the story of an old colored man who asked a white man if he would give him work. The white man asked the negro if he had a boat. When the negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white man responded:

"Well, you see all that driftwood floating down the river?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"Well, then you row out in the river and catch that driftwood, and I'll give you half you get."

The colored man worked hard for a while, when all of a sudden he stopped and pulled for the shore.

On being asked the reason for his return, he said, "Dat wood is jest as much mine as 'tis his. I ain't gwine to give him any, and so I'm out of work again."

—One of the ballots for Themistocles has just been found by German excavators in the Acropolis, going back to a date earlier than 870 B. C., as that was the year in which that celebrated worker of the Athenian primaries was banished. It is an inscribed potsherd bearing his name, and with proper care is good for another 2500 years. There are only three such souvenirs of the old Greek elections in existence, and only this one bears the name of Themistocles.—Facts and Figures.

Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron or lead pipes.